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# CROSSING THE LIMIT



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**DISCIPLINE:  
DYNAMIC AND DEVASTATING!**

Thrill to this non-stop orgy of  
girl-girl spanking based on the video!

**FROM ONE BABE AFTER  
ANOTHER TO TWO AT A TIME!**

All Models are 18 years of age or older • Proof on file • Adults only



## Chapter 1

# PAYING THE PRICE



**I**t had been quite a little shopping spree. Pretty Erica and bosomy cutie-pie April toted their packages into the apartment they shared with a slightly older—but much more mature—babe by the name of Nancy. Laughing and chattering, they dropped into the black leather love seat of the

comfortable living room.

"I spent so much money," bubbled Erica.

Suddenly, her roommate smacked her forehead. Her expression dropped as she gasped, "What about the trip? Ohmygod!" But then she perked up and added, "That necklace was to die for."

"It was worth the thousand bucks I spent."

At that point, the third roommate burst in. At the sight of the bundles, Nancy was livid.

"Are you insane?" she asked Erica, rummaging through the purchases. "What the hell is all this?"







At that point, she also reminded the girl of the trip to London that the two of them had planned for so many months.

"It has nothing to do with our trip," Erica said blithely, explaining that the purchases had all been made on her credit card. Besides, it was for the trip that she needed the stuff in the first place. "I can't go with these old rags in the closet."

"What do you care?" the pouty April put in. "It's not your money."

That did it. Nancy grabbed April by the wrist and pulled her off the love seat, then stood her against a wall on the far side of the room. Returning, she sat beside the other girl, reminding her that she needed the credit to buy her plane ticket.

"For two cents," the older girl fumed, "I'd take you over my knee."

And that's just what she did, yanking Erica across her lap and whacking away at her butt—right through the thin fabric of the girl's little white floozy dress.

"This is ridiculous!" Erica gasped. "What are you doing?! OW!"

"Teaching you a lesson, young lady," Nancy replied, as she went on whacking the girl's shapely

tail.

**WHAP! WHAP! WHAP!**

As the girl squirmed on her roommate's lap, and April stared in amazement from across the room, the spanking went on and on. At one point, Nancy paused, but only to pull the hem of Erica's minidress upward and over the curvy humps of her buttocks. Then, smacking on the girl's white satin panties, Nancy went on with the punishment.

"Are these new too?" the older gal asked, referring to the panties.

"No."

"I'm sure you bought some new ones."

"Of course," the glum Erica had to confess.

In time, Nancy shifted the panties to reveal more flesh to spank. She bunched them up the crack between the quivering halves of the girl's backside, then pummeled the flawless buns till pink with heat. After doing that awhile, she pulled the panties down and went on hitting the naked behind.

"Don't pull my underwear down," Erica pleaded, but too late.

The bare-ass bruising continued relentlessly, Nancy smacking with all her might. It got so severe—and the







angry bitch seemed so far out of control—that, at last, April bolted from across the room and interceded.

"Knock it off," April cried out, grabbing her older roommate's hand. "I don't believe what you're doing."

Nancy drew up the sobbing Erica's panties, lifted her off her lap and hustled her temporarily across the room to stand watching. Then, returning to the love seat, she yanked April across her lap and said, "Your turn next," and began spanking April's butt.

It wasn't long before the girl's black miniskirt was up,

and Nancy was stuffing the seat of her panties up the split of her ass. She was now hitting all of the babe's soft, shapely ass flesh.

"Ow! That hurts," April cried out.

"It's supposed to hurt," Nancy shot back.

Periodically, Nancy would pause to caress the warming skin, but then get right back into slamming angrily away at April's jiggling cheeks. Shaking her head, Erica gaped at the action on the leather love seat, rubbing her painful derriere, yet still unable to







believe what she was seeing. Nancy berated April for going along on the shopping spree, for not preventing Erica from spending the trip money on clothes. April pleaded, but to no avail.

She squirmed and struggled to break free, but Nancy slung a leg over her to hold her on her lap.

"I just don't understand how you can be so cruel," the girl wept.

Nancy yanked down her panties and continued the chastisement on a bare bum.

Eventually, Nancy had April on her knees on the love seat, leaning on the backrest. At that angle, she could really inflict heavy pain.


"I don't deserve this," the victim sobbed piteously.

"You don't deserve this?" Nancy asked incredulously.

"I didn't do it," April replied through a veil of tears.

Nancy peeled the girl's skirt up and went to work once again on her naked nates. Repeatedly, she



A black and white photograph showing a woman with long, curly hair, wearing a dark, long-sleeved dress and dark boots, standing over a person sitting on a chair. The woman is leaning forward, with her hands on the buttocks of the person sitting. The person sitting is wearing a light-colored, patterned dress and high-heeled sandals. The background includes a bookshelf with books and a decorative object, and a patterned rug on the floor.

*The girl's ass  
was beaten so  
badly she could  
feel the heat.*



whacked the shaking buttocks; all April could do was lean on the backrest of the love seat and take it as best she could. Finally, Nancy stopped and straightened up.

"Here's something that I bought recently," she said to April. "A little shopping excursion of my own."

With that, she got out a ping-pong paddle—from which the rubber pads had been removed. With this wicked instrument, she commenced slamming away at poor April's bare behind. Making the girl count each stroke, she pounded as hard as she could. Just about when April couldn't take one more stroke, Nancy stopped and ordered her out of the pad.

April didn't need a second invitation. Utterly convinced, she pulled down her skirt to cover her reddened butt, grabbed her jacket and literally ran from the apartment, giving herself barely enough time to yell over her shoulder, "Bye, Erica." That left the other girl, totally startled, to her own sad fate.

Sitting on the backrest of the love seat at that point, slapping the ping-pong paddle menacingly into the palm of her hand, Nancy spoke.

"That solved that little problem, didn't it?" she said.

"Yeah," Erica had to admit. "I think she learned her lesson."

"Maybe she did, but what about you?"

"Remember, I was the first to learn my lesson."

"I don't think you did learn your lesson," Nancy said

ominously, as she brandished the wooden paddle. After all, the spanking had been interrupted.

Erica pleaded that she wouldn't go shopping for three months. It was a waste of words. Nancy was already hauling a wooden chair over to where Erica stood shaking. Setting it down, she fetched a black leather strap and came closer.

"Please," Erica cried. "My butt is killing me. No."

"Stand up," the older girl demanded. "Bend over the chair."

Erica refused, but Nancy grabbed her and forced her over the back of the chair, then pulled up her floozy dress. The white satin panties were already gone, of course, and that left bare pink buttocks for Nancy to strap.

"OW!" Erica screamed. "I can't take it." She reached down to rub her ass.

"Warm, isn't it?" Nancy asked sarcastically.

"Hot," Erica admitted. "It's burning."

Next, Nancy battered Erica's tail with a big, round, black leather paddle. She was hitting away, and Erica was screaming to the sound of the whacks, when—noiselessly—the front door to the apartment swung slowly open. Both girls turned to see—their landlady. Immediately, the woman grasped what was going on, but it was too late to back out.

"I—I thought," she said by way of explanation, "one of you was being attacked."







## Chapter 2

# Sadistic Landlady



**“U**hhh—sorry,” the landlady offered, appearing to hide her embarrassment.

“No,” Nancy replied nonchalantly. There she stood, in the act of battering Erica’s bare behind. “Just being punished for very bad judgment.” Just like that. No problem. No one was being attacked.

The landlady, whose name was Rita, recovered quickly—and reminded the girls that their rent was overdue. Nancy was surprised, and insisted she had written out a check. In fact, she’d given it to Erica to mail. Suddenly, Erica remembered. In her hurry to go

shopping one day, she had forgotten all about it. Scrambling for her purse, she produced the check and handed it over to Rita.

Too late.

“There’s still one problem,” the landlady said, a mischievous twinkle—no, a downright sadistic gleam—in her eye. “There’s a late penalty.” Leaving their apartment with the check in hand, she returned shortly with some other items: long, stiff implements of torture! “Thank you for the rent check,” she said to both girls, “but now it’s time to pay the penalty.”





***“Bend over,” Rita  
commanded,  
“both of you.”***





So saying, she pulled over a straight-backed chair and, before the wide eyes of Erica, grabbed the startled Nancy by the hair and yanked her to the chair. She sat and, with powerful arms, turned the girl over her knee and pulled up her dress. Then, without warning, she began to rain blows of her bare hand on Nancy's behind, protected only by a thin pair of white lace panties.

"I didn't tell you how much the penalty is," the landlady said

as she whacked away. "I'll decide when the penalty is paid. You could be here for an hour."

"An hour!" Nancy gasped.

"The penalty is paid when I decide it's paid."

"Isn't there something in the Renters' Agreement about this?" her victim pleaded.

By then, the seat of Nancy's pretty panties were up the crack of her ass, giving Rita a fine view of nearly all of her



womanly backside. The landlady whacked away, still spanking with the flat of her hand. Ominously, the implements of chastisement she had brought back with her lay beside her on the floor.

"If you wish to consider living in my complex," Rita warned her, as the punishment continued, "then I suggest you see things my way."

The spanking continued without let-up, the slaps on the ass coming in rapid succession. Rita was hitting as hard as she could, and that was plenty hard. Nancy gasped and kicked her long, shapely legs, but no way could she avoid the pain. Rita was really getting into it, pulling down the girl's panties after awhile, then battering the bare buns. Hot with her own exertion and beginning to sweat, the landlady let down her long, brown hair and continued the feverish spanking.

"We could make this a monthly ritual," she suggested, pausing to give Nancy a chance to catch her breath, "if you're so much as one hour late." This was a bitch who demanded the rent on time!

After more battering with the open hand, during which time Nancy's ass grew a brilliant red, Rita told Nancy: "Why don't you show her your backside?"

"How do YOU like it?" a gleeful Erica asked her roommate. Her pleasure wasn't long lasting.

"Bend over," Rita commanded, "both of you."

"I'm done," Nancy complained.

"No," the landlady came back, as she cleared the top of a table, "you're not done."

When the two girls lay over the table, dresses up—and Nancy's panties rolled to her thighs—Rita moved in. First, she

*With the thick, rounded,  
leather strap she slammed  
the howling Erica's bottom.*







doffed her outer blouse, telling them: "I think I'm going to get a workout here."

With that, she hefted a thick leather strap, one that widened toward a rounded end. With that thing, she slammed the howling Erica's bottom, then moved over to smack Nancy, and finally went from one to the other, again and again, reddening both asses equally.

In time, the landlady positioned herself right behind them and stooped, hitting overhand for leverage. Rising, she stood to the side again, resuming the merciless beating. When that was done, she traded in the strap for a long, flat stick, something that gave her more heft and spanking power.

"I can almost reach the two of you at the same time," Rita remarked, as she began to beat their bottoms with the stick. "Be more responsible," she insisted, "and this wouldn't happen."

The beating with the stick went on for a long, long time, inflicting deep pain in the girls' bums. Switching the stick to her left hand, Rita resumed the punishment with her bare hand, using it on both of the girl's wiggling backsides. When she finally stopped, she barked out an order.

"Stand up."

Like repentant children, both girls straightened and faced the landlady. She was retrieving her blouse and picking up her instruments.

"From now on," she lectured. "I'll expect the rent to be paid before the first of the month. And, by the way, the other little friend, you can send her over to my apartment. The late penalty has not been paid in full as of yet. Have I made myself clear?"

All Nancy and Erica could do was rub their backsides and nod in silent compliance. Satisfied, the bitch stomped out.














## Chapter 3

# A NEW BUTT TO BEAT



**N**ot long afterward, one of Nancy's friends was over to show her how to get onto the Internet. Working in Nancy's bedroom, at her new computer, Mattie was slowly getting it together. After several false attempts, Mattie sat back in her chair and stretched.

"I am so exhausted," she said, then made the mistake of adding: "I went shopping with April and Erica, and they wore me out."

"You went shopping with April and Erica?" gasped Nancy, who was sitting on the table beside her computer.

"Yeah," Mattie replied innocently.

Another mistake. Nancy explained.

"Erica and I are supposed to be planning our trip," she said.

An argument ensued. Nancy wound up criticizing Mattie's conservative gray pants suit, and pulled her chair out from under her. As Mattie rose and scrambled to keep her feet, Nancy sat back in the chair, grabbed her, turned her over her knee and began to spank her on the seat of those gray flannel pants.

"What do you think you're doing?" the shocked Mattie shrieked.

"I'm doing the same thing to you that I did to Erica."



out of pants and jacket.

In just her sexy black bra and panties, Mattie was led to the bed and made to kneel. There, Nancy pulled down her panties and went to work on the bare behind. Sometimes she spanked fast, sometimes slow, and sometimes she paused to soothe the reddening skin, but always she went back to smacking Mattie good and hard. The upper

***Nancy pulled down Mattie's panties and went to work on the bare behind.***

thighs also came in for pain.

"I had no idea that one little shopping trip was going to affect you guys' trip," she wailed.

"You didn't even think about it," Nancy replied, as she went on spanking. "I told you all about it, and how we needed to save the money. You know

"You did this to Erica?"

"Of course. How else am I going to keep her out of the mall?" Nancy spanked away, then asked: "Were you buying lingerie with them?"

"No."

"Let's see." With that, Nancy pulled down the girl's pants. "Ohhh," she cooed. "Looks like you were."

On Mattie's fine black panty briefs, Nancy whacked furiously. "Silky little black panties," she said. "I bet you got the matching bra." Lifting Mattie's gray flannel jacket, Nancy took a look. "You did," she said with satisfaction. "It figures." She returned to fanning the girl's curvy ass with her open hand.

Stuffing the seat of the undies up the split of Mattie's ass now, she whacked away on bare flesh, then pulled the panties down for even harder punishment. When Mattie complained that she was wrinkling her suit, Nancy briefly let her up, then ordered her













***Mattie thought Nancy would never let up.***

how irresponsible Erica is, and you went along."

The chastisement continued, till Mattie thought Nancy would never let up. And that's when Mattie got a bright idea.

"Nancy. Nancy," she said.

"What?" the other girl replied, finally pausing in her labors.

"I've got plenty of money. Why don't you and I go to London?"

Nancy suddenly brightened. It was a great idea. Erica was broke, and off the trip. Nancy, who had diligently saved her money, didn't want to go alone. As for Mattie, her father had beaucoup bucks—and was tres generous. They agreed. The spanking was over—and the trip to London back on.











